


**FOUR IN ONE "CHATYQUA"
BIG SUCCESS**



THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

LEGION MEN DEMAND ORDER

Carter County, Oklahoma, Guarded by Former Commander of Ardmore Post, Assisted by Buddies.

It is one thing to oratorically advocate the maintenance of law and order and another to get out and actually enforce these principles. When Carter county, Oklahoma, threatened a reputation for lawlessness—a reputation unfortunately backed by occurrences—it sent for Ewing London, American Legion post commander, former sailor and handy fighter, and told him to go to it.

Carter county said it with votes, giving a two-to-one majority to the young veteran of the World war. London got busy almost before the last precincts were heard from.

He first picked his active allies, ten deputies, all of them experienced in police work and the majority of them service and Legion men. Then he took stock of the forces of the enemy—reconnaissance, they called it in military circles.

Numbered among this gaudy tribe were peddlers, gun men, automobile drivers, hijackers, gamblers, rogues and plain "bad men."

Not that Carter county merits, or has merited, a particularly unsavory reputation. But it was late a border community, easy of access to the lawless, attractive in its newness to their predatory instincts. There was a strong and growing better element in Carter county, the element that sought out Ewing London for the sheriff's place and elected him there.

London planned his campaign like a field officer. There was nothing in his mind about raids. His slogan was "Get the man at the top," and a raid that didn't produce the person of the directing genius in lawlessness was considered a failure.

Now London has been in office not quite a year and he and his men have made 900 arrests for violation of laws.

London has paid a tribute to the assistance of American Legion men in cleaning up Carter county. He was formerly commander of George H. Anderson post of Ardmore.

FREE SHAVES AND HAIR CUTS

Patriotic Indianapolis Barber Supplies Tonsorial Attention to Disabled Soldiers in Hospital Ward.

Service to disabled veterans of the World war is the hobby of Randolph S. Ocheltree, proprietor of an Indianapolis barber shop.

Mr. Ocheltree has been making visits to the soldiers' wards at an Indianapolis hospital every Sunday, along with eight or ten barbers employed by him, and has visited the hospital at least one afternoon each week by himself, for more than a year. He has shaven and shaved the disabled soldiers without charge and his barbers have done likewise in volunteering their services without cost to the hospital.

Alvin Gwenter, national commander of the American Legion, has written a personal letter to Mr. Ocheltree, stating: "Please accept the sincere thanks of the American Legion for your unselfish devotion to the men who fought for us. It is an inspiring tribute to our organization which places service to the disabled above all other aims and purposes. I hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing you some day and thanking you in person for your service."

When on the Legion side.

The securities of the Hamburg American and North German Lloyd membership companies ranked as reasonably conservative investments before the World war. On April 1 these companies will call in bonds issued at a par value of \$22,000,000. The redemption will cost only \$10,000—the bonds happen to be in marks instead of dollars. The sound American business man who ten years ago put back something less than \$100,000 in bonds of these companies has now got something less than \$100,000 in cash. The advantage of one having won the war instead of Germany is that Liberty bonds are still worth from 75 to 80 cents to the dollar. The holder can paper his house at Duesen with dollar bills. If he wants to, he will even him with a square foot of it, plus paint and labor. The money bonds would be much cheaper—American Legion Weekly.

RUMFORD

Deferred

Miss Corinne Belanger, clerk in the store of the E. K. Day Company, is receiving much sympathy in the loss of her father, Louis Belanger, whose death occurred in Farmington.

Mr. G. H. Murphy and family are moving into the lower apartment of the Dr. Sheehy house on Franklin Street, recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McLain, who have moved to Portland. Albert Shea will spend the coming five weeks at his home in Rumford, working for the Rumford Falls Power Company, this period of employment alternating with five weeks of study in his electrical engineering course at Northeastern College, Boston, his whole course to be of similar alternate periods of study and demonstration.

Miss Charlotte Elliott of Rumford Point is spending three weeks at Rumford Falls.

The dinner and supper served by the Baptist Ladies' Aid on town meeting day netted about \$30.

Recent births in town include a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Salmon H. Peabody, who has been named George Salmon, and a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kenney, who has been named Bernice.

On April 9th the Grand President of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Church of the Nazarenes, Mrs. Susan Cooper of Springfield, Mass., will pay an official visit to the Rumford Auxiliary to inspect the work, also to install officers for the ensuing year.

The annual meeting of the Rumford Ski Club was held on Monday, Mar. 19.

In connection with the building boom which has been predicated for Rumford this year comes the announcement that the Maine Central Railroad Company will next month commence the construction of a \$150,000 car repair shop, to replace the shop burned four years ago. The building which will be 110 by 250, will be situated directly opposite the Clark Foundry.

The following class parts have been chosen for the senior class at Rumford High School: Salutatorian, Everett Martin; class essayists, Miss Lucille Hicks and William Karpavich; address to undergraduates, Donovan Jenkins; class oration, Sturgeon Abbott; class history, Fletcher Shea; class prophecy, Miss Hester Burgess and Albert Corner; class will, Sarah Stroples; presentation of gifts, Miss Mildred Dorion and Alex Kowalevsky; class poet, Miss Donald McCourry; class song, Miss Lois Trask; valedictorian, Miss Elizabeth Fernald; class marshal, Franklin Cornell. Managers have been chosen for the senior play which will be given on May 7th and 8th: Albert Corner, Warren Carlson and Miss Hester Burgess.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Rumford United Methodist Church, American Legion, the largest Auxiliary in the State, are participating in a membership drive in concert with the other Auxiliaries of the State. Similar to the recent Legion drive, appropriate prizes have been offered by the State Department, and the Auxiliary hopes to live up to the record made by the boys. The ladies are making a determined effort to win and call upon every lady eligible to the Auxiliary to join. The membership of the Auxiliary last year was 110, yet despite the fact that this was the largest and perhaps the most active organization of its kind in the State, the officers want a still larger membership this year. During the past year the activities of the Auxiliary have been great, and they have aided the local post to no small extent. This year they have accepted an added burden that of caring for the interest on the Legion home, therefore, a large membership is very much desired. The present officers of the Auxiliary are: President, Miss Judith Delaney; vice president, Mrs. Julia Ruggles; treasurer, Miss Alice Strobles; secretary, Mrs. Mary Welch.

The following books have been added to the Rumford public library. Exchanged April by the author of "Ellen and her German Garden," Mrs. Lantern by Temple Bailey; "Flowing Gold by Rex Beach, River's End by James Oliver Curwood, Heartbreak Chance and Top of the World by Ethel Bell, Iron Flower by Basil King, Valley of the Giants by Peter B. Kyne, Red Shag by R. Phillips Oppenheim, Carson's Duty by Gilbert Parker, Romance of a Scoundrel by Margaret Wolfe, On Tiptoe by Howard Edward White, Heart of Iron by Edgar Rice, Spelt of the Tropic by Robert Service. The next and last story hour of the season will be held on April 14th.

On a charge of conspiracy by her husband, Charles F. Lee, formerly of Rumford, Mrs. Mildred L. Lee of Portland was granted a divorce in Superior Court in that city last week.

The Christian Science Monitor, a daily newspaper, is again received at the Rumford Public Library after a lapse of years, the large and carefully edited news sheet being received as a gift from the Christian Science Publishing Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gowan, former Rumford residents, but who for the past eight years have resided in Portland, have now moved to Bethel.

Madame Delphine Twitchell is recovering slowly from a severe illness at the home of her son, Arno Twitchell, of Erskine Street.

Thomas Oullette, Jr., who for several years past has conducted a fruit and confectionery store in the Majestic Theatre building, will soon move to the new Nile block on Waldo Street. This block is rapidly nearing completion and the stores and apartments will be finished and ready for occupancy within a very short time.

Mrs. J. W. Puffer of Waterville is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Leroy Libby of Rangeley Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nilbreth of Congress Street have moved into the Wm. Tyler house on Linnell Street.

Mrs. Frank Smith has accepted a position as stenographer in the office of lawyer Ralph T. Parker. Mrs. Percy Roberts, who has held that position for several years past having resigned. Miss Hester Burgess of Rumford High School, class of 1923, has accepted a position as stenographer in the law office of Judge A. E. Stearns, working only afternoons until her graduation next June, when she will take up the position for the entire day.

BACK GIVES OUT

Plenty of Bethel Readers Have This Experience.

You tax the kidneys—overwork them. They can't keep up this continual strain. The back may give out—it may ache and pain. Urinary troubles may set in. Don't wait longer—take Doan's Bethel people tell you how they act. Ask your neighbor!

H. E. Littlefield, prop. auto service, Main St., Bethel, says: "Some years ago my kidneys were out of order. I had been overworking at the time and was feeling weak and my back was painful, especially mornings. I was dizzy headed and when I stooped, black specks appeared before my eyes. My kidneys were in bad shape. A friend suggested Doan's Kidney Pills so I began using them and one box cured me up in good shape. I have never had any return of the trouble and recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone in need of a good kidney medicine."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Littlefield had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

Encouraging reports of the condition of Mrs. Adam Young come from the McCarty Hospital, where she is a patient.

At a meeting of the ladies of the Italian Congregational church held recently a Ladies' Aid was formed with the following officers: President, Mrs. Percy Frost; vice president, Mrs. James Callender; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Angela Farrant; work committee, Mrs. Edward Archibald; fancy work, Mrs. Edward Callender; sick committee, Mrs. John McKenna.

Earl Whyte of Eastmouth Street and S. J. Vaughn of Hillside Avenue have recently had radios installed in their homes.

The Rumford evening school closed on Thursday evening of last week and on that night Mrs. Percy Booker, teacher of advanced sewing, was presented with a pyramid ivory mirror by her class.

Mrs. Wilfred Carson making the presentation. This class has been particularly industrious and prosperous during the past year, as well as the class in basketry as taught by Mrs. Aubrey Gilmore.

Arthur Gilmore of Waldo Street is visiting his mother and sister in New Brunswick.

The death of John Thatcher occurred last week at the McCarty Hospital. Mr. Thatcher has been in poor health for some time past, and has been in the hospital all winter, with the exception of seven weeks, when he was cared for at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis on Penobscot Street.

Mr. Thatcher is the last of his immediate family which numbered himself and wife and nine children. The funeral was held from St. Athanasius church.

Miss Eleanor Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, has whooping cough. Jean and Charles MacIntosh, children of Mr. and Mrs. John P. MacIntosh of Knox Street are also victims of the same trouble.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Virginia District cleared \$23 from the baked bean supper served last week.

Franklin Cornell, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cornell of Penobscot Street, is very ill with neuritis at his home.

Albert and Urie Plante are receiving the sympathy of their many friends in the death of their brother, Felix Plante, who died in Augusta last week at the age of 55 years. He had suffered many years from asthma, but the immediate cause of his death was tuberculosis.

The burial was in Rumford. Mrs. Augusta H. Plante, instructor of Latin at Rumford High School, has a new interest in the daily lessons of her classes by a display of pictures illustrating the architecture, the customs and life of old Roman days.

NORWAY

Mrs. Blanche Lane Bethel of Auburn spent several days in the village recently, a guest of Mrs. Fred Moore.

Miss Florence Smith, who has been a government nurse to Ruffin, Maine, has returned to her home here. As previously she is in Bethel caring for her mother, Mrs. Fred Moore.

The Harting family club met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Eugene N. Harting. The roll call was answered by Mrs. Harting and a reading of the minutes.

Mrs. Emma Griffin of Orléans was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Doan.

The Browning Reading Club held its annual banquet Thursday evening at the "Oriental" Cafe, after which the members formed a theatre party and went to the Bar to see "To Have and To Hold."

Mrs. W. R. Rice has returned to her home in Lewiston, after being in Norway several weeks.

Mrs. Florence Anderson and son John have gone to Portland, Oregon, for a visit of some little time with her sister.

Miss Ruth Libby is sick at the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary in Portland. Her mother, Mrs. Eugene Libby, is with her.

BALL BAND



When You See the Red Ball Here

When you see the Red Ball Trade Mark on a Rubber Boot, you can make sure of good fit, real foot comfort, and More Days Wear.

All "Ball-Band" Boots are vulcanized by Vacuum Process, giving extra toughness and strength. Specially reinforced in the vamp and at the ankle, to prevent cracking.

Supply your needs from our new stock of "Ball-Band" Rubber Footwear.

Allen's Shoe Store
BETHEL, MAINE

Opening Display of New Goods Monday and Tuesday March 26 and 27

We have an unusually attractive assortment of Trimmed Hats which cannot fail to please.

We Invite Your Inspection.

From New York we have just received a large and choice selection of

Neckwear and Laces, Footings, etc., etc.

RIBBONS

Including many combinations in the two toned.

We have a goodly variety of many other goods which we are displaying at this time.

L. M. STEARNS
BETHEL, MAINE

Want Column Ads Bring Results

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

Clothes for Easter

APRIL THE FIRST

Men like to be well dressed at all times but when the women display their special glad rags on EASTER DAY you feel like you must "keep up" your end.

We have an excellent assortment of clothes for men and young men in seasonable popular fabrics.

We are specially well fixed on the light fabrics that are worn by so many. Dark ones too. Every garment is popular priced—every garment is guaranteed.

\$19.50 \$24.50 \$29.50 \$35 \$40
Clothcraft -- Styleplus -- Kirschbaum

NORWAY Blue Stores SO. PARIS

CAROLINA
TO MAINE

For Relief

active, one which
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BOOKS

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is shoes is \$5.00.

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The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as the "Custard Cup," originally "Clover Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Horatia Westinghouse, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name.

CHAPTER II.—A tenant, Mrs. Gusella Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings.

CHAPTER III.—Searching for a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a woman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penzie, and Lettie is adopted into the family.

"If I was in your place, Mrs. Penfield, I wouldn't count on it too much. I've always heard that if folks wasn't happy inside 'em, there couldn't nothin' make 'em happy from the outside."

Mrs. Penfield smiled. "Yes, that's so, but there's something got to start the happiness going inside 'em. Some folks have got a factory of their own, and they make their happiness fast; they can use it, and some folks have had so many hard knocks that their happiness machinery has grown rusty and set. Then it's got to be oiled up and started going. Why, look at the birds, Mrs. Wopple. You never heard a bird sing on the ground; but give him a bit of encouragement in the way of a fencepost or a bush or something with an outlook to it, and he'll sing his little head off. I guess he's so bubbling over with joy. It's up to me to give Lettie that encouragement."

Mrs. Wopple rose. "I must be going. All I got to say is it's a mercy you got such faith in Lettie. I sh'd call her an affliction if she was to my house."

So far Lettie had merely changed her allegiance and her boarding place; the routine of her day had not been disturbed. The last for foot was in her blood; and now that she was well treated and well fed, it had become a sort of frenzy. She knew little about putting gratitude into speech, having always employed that medium for vastly different purposes. The more thankful Lettie felt, the bigger grew the heaps of rubbish in Mrs. Penfield's back yard.

As another savage collects his beads and blankets, so this one collected the superfluities of human living, the by-products of organization and reorganization, the driftwood that eddied in from the wrecking of many households. Mrs. Penfield, tolerating the instant acquiescence in Crink as a more or less natural phase of boyhood under stress, was frankly dismayed over the far stronger trait in Lettie, and she looked forward to the time when she could fill the child's life with other interests. Only in such ways could she effect a change, because a vacuum in occupation would have drawn from Lettie the sublimation which it serves, and surely in a few months, clothes could be accumulated and book money saved, so that it would be possible to send the child to school.

When Lettie returned, it was to the accompaniment of a mixed sound, rasping and swishing around the horse and across the board walk in the back yard. She had changed upon a spree of trimming and had acquired many branches, which she had habitually asked home, to be dried and broken for the kitchen stove. The triumph of successful exploration was in her voice.

"Penzie, you oughter see what I bring now. I'll make small findings!" She skirted into the living room, her thin chest heaving from the violent exertion. "Say, what's making?" She came nearer, her black eyes widening as they took in the terrible details of Mrs. Penfield's sewing.

"I'm making something for you, Lettie. Ain't it pretty?" She held it up. Lettie thrust out a grimy hand and wiped a piece of the goods exactly as Mrs. Wopple had done before her—with the same concentration, but with a totally different emotional reaction.

"Is it silk?" she inquired, in an awed voice.

Mrs. Penfield nodded.

"And it's for me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Hope to die if you told a lie!" Mrs. Penfield checked; then roared the solemn vow.

"Hilly Hilly!" cried the child. "You're not me, old. You're not! Nothing I wouldn't do for you." For the first time her wary reserve broke. She hurried herself into Mrs. Penfield's lap and threw her arms around Mrs. Penfield's neck. For the first time Mrs. Penfield dared to kiss her.

"Lettie, dear, I'm so glad you like it."

"Like it! I'm best to a frazzle!"

"That's right, Lettie. You can't wear this every day, you know. It's too nice. This is for Sunday."



It's a Mercy You Got Such Faith in Lettie.

Lettie straightened, but took this blow rather placidly. "We-ell. Well, all right. Any more strings to it?"

"For Sunday," continued Mrs. Penfield, "when you've been good through the week."

"Oh, that's dead easy," scoffed Lettie, with great jauntness. "You just watch me. If I try, I can beat the angels behaving."

Uncle Jerry appeared in the doorway. "Say, Carline, I toddled round to see if you could give me a room."

"A room? Why, Uncle Jerry, we haven't got any."

"Yes, you have." Rolling his eyes whimsically, he jerked his thumb upward.

"The loft? My land, you couldn't sleep up there. 'Dn't s'fited up no nothing. There was a family of mice tried to live in it once, but I always thought they gave it up of their own accord, rather'n 'cause they disapproved of the trap."

"I'm smarter'n a family of mice," chuckled the big man, "and if you can't think of any greater objection, I'm going to move in. I'd seem kind of good to be near the only folks I got a claim on, and besides, I—I got another reason. Thank you, Carline. I'll be round tonight with my traps. Good-by."

"Why, Uncle Jerry— Wait—you haven't thought—"

But he was gone. His hearty laugh trailed back to her as she reached the door.

"My goodness, I'm 'fraid he's short of money," she thought. "I wish we had a room for him."

CHAPTER VI

Perennial Pros.

"I can't set down, Mrs. Penfield. I just come in to borrow an egg. I didn't know I was out, but I'll get some more tomorrow."

"Bless you, Mrs. Wopple, you came to the wrong place. I haven't got an egg right now. I used the last one Saturday, and I ain't have any more till—till later."

"My landy Goshen!" cried the amazed Mrs. Wopple. "I never heard of anybody keepin' house 'bout havin' eggs constant."

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Well, I'd hate to be so behind to a hen as that. Seems like exaltin' a bird about a human being, don't it? She thrust her dining needle placidly into Crink's stocking.

"You got an awful light way of jakin' serious matters," disapproved Mrs. Wopple. "No, I shouldn't—heavens to Betsy! What's that?" Her eyes widened widely toward the ceiling.

"It's my little Jerry," smiled Mrs. Penfield.

"Where there Jerry? What's he doin' up there?"

"He's—er—getting ready in his little room."

"My land!" Mrs. Wopple, who had been standing in the doorway, leaned against the jamb, as if going to try again, but suddenly given way. "What if he's got to try to live up there to bed?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Penfield calmly. "Haven't asked him."

"Haven't asked him?" cried Mrs. Wopple. "Actions be good 'tough evidence. At the time of life, he must be a failure if he's wot'n to hang out to a place that nobody ever thought of livin' in. Me, I'm glad I'm well contented. Ain't nobody in my family but what lives better'n I do—and I'm pretty comfortable!"

"That's nice," commented Mrs. Penfield coolly. "Ain't nothing so satisfactory as being satisfied."

"There you go laughin' again!" said Mrs. Wopple, with a touch of exasperation. "I spoke in another minute you'll be tellin' me you like failure better'n success!"

Mrs. Penfield was amused, rather than offended. "No I shan't, although sometimes there ain't much difference in 'em. Depends on what kind you mean. There's some kinds of success that I'd be glad to hand straight for. But I expect you mean money, 'cause that's what Uncle Jerry ain't giving many symptoms of havin'."

"Sure I want money. Why? He with me, I shan't get no respect for a man that can't make money."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Penfield's question was purely rhetorical; she certainly had no intention of making money, although she planned for a moment at the

wearied man who was Mrs. Wopple's husband, with the selfish, inquisitive eyes and the selfish, grasping hands. "Money success is something I've speculated about considerable; it's one of the queerest things I know of. Tears like it ain't anything in itself; it's just something that you can use any way you like."

"Exactly," put in Mrs. Wopple, nodding vigorously. "That's why—"

"Say, Carline, where in thunder's your hammer? And you got any old tin? The mouse-holes is as thick—"

The voice, growing nearer, stopped abruptly as Uncle Jerry entered the kitchen and perceived an unknown neighbor. Mrs. Penfield introduced him.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," acknowledged Mrs. Wopple irreproach-



Jerry Winston Betrayed Embarrassment.

ably. "I hope you're goin' to enjoy yourself in Mrs. Penfield's loft." Her voice was acutely sweet.

Jerry Winston's eyes twinkled. "Thanks. I'm going to 'spise you by doin' that very thing."

To Mrs. Penfield's amazement, they looked steadily at each other through a moment of tacit appraisement, more significant than speech. And it was as if each felt the decision of the other and acted upon it, for Mrs. Wopple flushed and departed with stammered leave-taking; and when she had gone, Jerry Winston laughed.

"Sweet little dame!" he murmured. "Tepper up an' fiddle, and you got her duplicate, eh?"

"Shh, Uncle Jerry," begged Mrs. Penfield in a whisper. "Here's Perennial Pros coming, and I wouldn't have her hear you."

"Who's a she?" inquired Uncle Jerry, in a conspiratorial whisper. "I guess I'll get out."

"You will not," Mrs. Penfield caught his hand. "She's one of the nicest—"

She broke off.

Prudence Haggood was standing in the doorway. She was of delicate build, dainty, with a pretty air of self-possession that resulted from the consciousness of family background. No longer young, she had yet retained many of the elements of youth, like a flower that has been clipped in wax.

"If I'm intruding—"

"Nonsense, my dear," interposed Mrs. Penfield. "You're always welcome. Besides, I want you to get acquainted with my Uncle Jerry."

Prudence Haggood acknowledged the introduction with a grace that was unusual in the Custard Cup. But Jerry Winston betrayed embarrassment, most surprising, most unlike his accustomed assurance. A dash rose under his heavy lids; he coughed discreetly.

"I've heard about you," said Prudence, "and sometime I want to hear about the lumber and the camp and the woods and—everything. I make pillow tops, and I need some new designs. I'm looking for an inspiration."

"I'm afraid I can't help you," said Jerry, "but I'll try to do the designing. I'll show you a new motif. I've been thinking about it a lot lately. I'll show you some things for lampshades, something primitive, whimsical—like this—"

"Never mind," uttered Jerry Winston. "The embroidery is better than that he could turn at the end of a rope. I don't think of making a pillow top out of my experience! I guess it's going to be a wild one all right!"

"Oh, dear me, you understand I didn't mean—"

She waved her hand in distress.

Mrs. Penfield, perceiving that her guests had unexpectedly run around of personalities, underook their rescue with brusque but effective means. "Uncle Jerry, if you're going to get them mosquitoes stopped 'fore dark, you got to hurry, and I dare say Mrs. Haggood's got impressions enough to make a pillow top right now. You'll find a better one by the wood in the kitchen. Lettie brought in some pieces of tin yesterday. You see if they ain't in the yard somewhere."

"Oh, I hope I didn't offend Mrs. Haggood, when they were alone. I wasn't meaning it personal."

"Don't you worry," Mrs. Penfield reassured her misgivings. "Uncle Jerry's good nature is so deep that you can

drop a lot of mistakes in it without ever hitting his feelings 't all."

"Yes, he seems rather—rather—"

Mrs. Penfield gave her a quick glance, but made no comment. They drifted into innocuous chatter of many things—items of news in The Custard Cup, the weather, the price of butter, the best way to make Indian pudding. Between them there was a close bond of affection, so far beneath the surface that it ran clear of their radical dissimilarities. In experience and tastes, Mrs. Penfield's activities were rigidly practical; but Prudence maintained a fastidious economy in the two rooms which she reserved in her flat for her own use. She rented the other rooms, and occupied herself with hand stitching, fine embroidery, and the making of pillow tops, to help out her income.

She was that strange geographical anomaly, a New Englander set down in California, the most untrammelled state of all the free. And yet the transposition had occurred so late that she showed the least possible effect of the change, as if her roots had been amply protected by the accompanying soil of her native section. Three thousand miles from the land of her birth, she lived in an atmosphere which she had brought with her, as her grandmother's clock ticked off the days under the glass dome that shut out the rude breezes of a wider world.

She had had a romance! She had had a lover; she had been engaged. But the lover had gone to sea, had sailed away to the sales of Spice. He may not really have had that objective but when he did not return, he was enveloped with that glamor that descends most easily upon the lover who ships for those languorous isles of treasure—rich silks and slay its suits, wrapped in the warm odors of the Far East.

He had never come back, and Prudence had never forgotten. With unfading loyalty, which had given her the sobriquet of Perennial Pros, she had kept his memory, had kept her little candle of devotion ever burning before his shrine in her faithful heart. If he had returned, her mist of love would have been displaced by the mingled colors of everyday living—perhaps transcended, but inevitably changed. As it was, the mist still lingered back there on the hills of her youth, and the focus of her vision kept it always in view.

Prudence, sitting quietly in the stiff guest chair, watched Mrs. Penfield's busy fingers, skimming yards of thread into worn stockings, setting patches into a small faded dress.

"Lettie makes you a lot of work, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she does, but I don't mind it, 'cause I love the child. Fate kind of pitched her into a clump of nettles and she's got a heap of prickles sticking to her, but they'll come off after a while. And so long as the Lord'll let me work for folks that I love, I consider that He's giving me a vacation all the time."

"Oh, yes, indeed. I—"

"What, say?" continued Mrs. Penfield, laughing. "Can you imagine a harder job than washing dishes three times a day after folks that don't trust you a mite? My sympathy is with the women that do it. They sure have to have a sainted spirit."

"I'm afraid they do," agreed Prudence gently. "Why, I declare, I must forget the gossip!"

"The gossip? What's happened?"

"Why, Mr. Bosley's riding 'round in a new car."

"A new car?"

"Yes—dragagee, Mrs. Bosley says he represents a big eastern concern; has a very responsible position, with a big salary."

"Hm!" replied Mrs. Penfield. "He's a corker! He's sending air messages. Hours he keeps would kind of indicate it." She looked up as the second of footstep turned into the alley. Prudence came into sight.

"Come right in, honey."

"Just for a flying minute," Prudence dashed into the room to a chair of pink damask. "What afternoon, Mrs. Haggood?"

"My, you look happy!" said Mrs. Penfield, studying the gleaming cheeks and shining eyes. "What one thing has happened?"

Prudence passed a moment to cut out unnecessary talk on a subject, then three times in the Penfield's crash she said: "I'm so glad to see you. I'm so glad to see you. I'm so glad to see you."

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CHAPTER VII

What Can You See in Him?

Lettie was in the midst of a financial enterprise. Mrs. Catterbox, a leader in penny prodigality, had offered the job of watching her two children till dinner time, at one cent per head. Lettie had not only accepted, but had used this as a lever with which to pry off further gains. Whatever other qualities might be debatable or in abeyance, Lettie's trustworthiness was generally conceded. Successfully, therefore, she had interviewed three mothers, until she had assembled nine youngsters in the driveway, each representing a cash value of one cent. When Mrs. Penfield entered, they were about to be conducted to the back yard, there to be vigorously and conscientiously entertained for an hour.

"We're going to play animals," announced Lettie, vastly excited.

"Animals?"

"Uh-huh. Out of that library book you been reading us."

"Lettie," called Mrs. Penfield, as the child danced away, "remember not to play too hard. You're big and strong compared with—"

Lettie pirouetted momentarily while



Lettie Pirouetted Momentarily.

she quitted this misgiving. "Huh, trust me! It's just little animals we're going to play."

Mrs. Penfield went on into the house. Uncle Jerry was there before her, also Frank Bosley.

"I thought you wouldn't mind, Carline, if we walked into your living room for a minute."

She nodded pleasantly. "You're perfectly welcome." The words were hospitable but not so cordial as Mrs. Penfield herself could have wished. She could not entirely conquer a feeling of irritation upon finding in her house a man whom she instinctively distrusted. A foolish feeling, she thought to herself. She had not a shred of tangible evidence against Frank Bosley, but the reputation was there. Her delight in finding a relative here in California had been greatly tempered by the friendship between these two men, unaccountable, persistent.

"Don't hurry because I came," she said, waving the guest back to his seat. "I'm going on into the kitchen in a minute." She opened her shabby leather bag and took out a small box, wrapped in paper. "I'll just give you this, as long as you're home again."

She passed it over.

Frank Bosley took the box mechanically and turned it about as if bewitched. "What is it?" There was no doubting his surprise.

"It's sure I don't know. Valuable, I guess. Your wife brought it in for me to keep while she was gone."

The red of saffron anger surged into the face. "Bosley brought it in? What to do? I'd do that for you!"

Mrs. Penfield smiled. "I don't know. For safety, was all she said. And of course a lawyer would be rather hard on his mind 'fore he'd try the place."

The anger ebbed steadily, leaving one to the practical eyes. "It's the mother's story, always getting the family worried. I'll see that she doesn't bother you any more, Mrs. Penfield."

"Oh, thank you! I count it a bother, Mrs. Bosley, but, land, there ain't any great protection here."

"And, great Scott, you carry this—"

He turned the box over in his hands. "These rings—or whatever 'tis—round with you when you go any where?"

"No, I haven't never done that before, but going out of The Custard Cup altogether. And even so, what if I lost it?"

"I should say!" His words cut the air with violence. "Believe me, I'll fix this!"

Jerry Winston, whose merry eyes had sharpened with alert interest, broke in with a careful frown. "Ain't you a bit hard on nerves, Bosley? Likely your wife's had a dream or something."

This lightened version seemed to restore Frank Bosley's composure. "Likely," he agreed glibly. "Been reading the newspapers. I presume she's got a notion of robbery, and that's why she's going to be the next in line."

Jerry Winston nodded. "Worst thing in the world for nerves," he said sadly. "Goes need lighter food's that."

Mrs. Penfield started for the kitchen. Frank Bosley's voice followed her. "I'll be strolling along, Winston. See you again in a day or two."

Mrs. Penfield, emptying the baked beans into the saucepan, shook his head. "Wouldn't that beat you?" she murmured.

She put the saucepan on the stove and went to the back door. Lettie's game was in full swing. There were now ten scraps of humanity, because Thad had been annexed to the party as a family courtesy and was traveling deadhead through its joys. Each one of the ten had been assigned the part of a creature of feathers or fur and was practicing the new character with vociferous spirit. Timmy Catterbox, as Gray Squirrel, was eating an imaginary nut with increasing grace; to the accompaniment of appropriate noises; his little sister, as Hen, was strutting and cackling in a way that would have been illuminating to untrained poultry. Rabbit was represented; also Cat and Dog and Mouse and several others—all small, as Lettie had promised; all active, as one might expect.

Mrs. Penfield, satisfied by her moment of supervision, went back to her supper preparations and the ironing which further utilized the supper fire.

Uncle Jerry tramped through the living-room and paused on his way through the kitchen. Mrs. Penfield was far from understanding why he had come into her home. It had seemed natural enough at first, but the supposition that he wanted to participate in the home life of his own kindred was being rapidly dispelled. He had fitted up the loft with a few pieces of plain furniture and had constructed a reasonable sort of stepladder that made it easily accessible; but Mrs. Penfield was beginning to wonder why he had taken the trouble. He rarely had a meal at Number 47; there were days at a time when The Custard Cup never saw him at all.

Nevertheless, when he came breezily back, bringing some offering of food which he ostentatiously claimed to have secured at a tremendous bargain, brimming with stories of the Oregon woods that delighted the children, full of rough but jolly kindness—then Mrs. Penfield appreciated him without reserve. But there were other times—times when reticence was uppermost, about his absences, his business, his companions. Then she was puzzled and disturbed, even piqued.

"Well, Carline," he began, "I didn't know you had a safety vault for the neighbors. That's 'bout the last thing I'd expect you to start."

She said nothing.

"Mrs. Bosley must have the fidgets," he continued; and as his tone grew lazier his eyes grew keener. "Say, wasn't he mad? I'll bet they've had trouble over that box. It was a box, wasn't it? Does she always bring the same package?"

Mrs. Penfield, testing the heat of the iron, turned in astonishment. "My goodness, Uncle Jerry, how'd it come to intrust you so?"

He shrugged. "Just making conversation. Haven't nothing else happened to talk about."

"Well, no, too," she agreed. "Well, no, that's always the same package. Sometimes it's thin and soft. I guess she's got different ways of packing down her jewels. Why are you gazing at me? I thought maybe you'd have supper with us tonight."

"Can't, Carline. Sorry, but I got to see a man. Heavens, what's going on in your yard?"

Mrs. Penfield explained. She had to lift her voice, because Uncle Jerry had opened the door, and the gas now at its most vocal stage, filled the air with diverse calls and squeaks and clicks. Jerry Winston's footsteps on the board walk that ran around the house were lost in the din.

The animal game was drawing nearer. A zealous participant had discovered his habitat to be in the tree that overhung the back kitchen. By the squeaky calls it was Gray Squirrel. Also, Gray Squirrel's leap from branch to branch, Mrs. Penfield set down her iron and started for the door, with the intention of curbing the hasty realism, when crash—

Splash—Gray Squirrel came hurtling through the tree and between two supports and landed in a tub of soaping clothes. During the descent he instantaneously forgot the existence of the tub and shot out his furry personality as the parachute drops from the balloon. He became all at once a human baby, full of human shrieks and screams, bent on giving Mrs. Penfield a listening "Goshen."

"My goodness land!" Mrs. Penfield made a dive for the mounting, yelling Timmy and extracted him as lightly and swiftly as if he had been a breadcrumb on the tablecloth. On the instant a mob of children poured into the kitchen, not so much actuated by fear as eager to obtain choice scraps of observation from which the downfall of Timmy might be fully enjoyed. Shakespeare knew what he was about when he wrote tragedy for the delight of audiences.

Lettie stormed through her group of followers, as a tornado plows its way through a popliteous landscape. "My Bosley!" she shouted. "Wouldn't that beat you flat? There goes Bosley. I won't never get paid for Timmy."

"Lettie, get me the blanket off my bed. And hurry! Bosley, Bosley, Bosley! You ain't had a speck. Well, here you warm and dry in no time." With the prodding Timmy in one arm, Mrs. Penfield rummaged in the cupboard for towels.

"(To be continued.)"

